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ACTA VICTORIANA

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University Life at Oxford

IF anyone thinks that a subject on which tomes have been written, is necessarily an easy one on which to write a short article, (the adjective is merely to re-assure the reader; I don't know in the least, how long it is going to be), I should like to intimate to them that they are entirely wrong. In fact it is well established that it requires a most profound knowledge of one's subject to accomplish such a task. This may explain why I have been asked to perform it.

Having thus impressed you, eager readers of Acta, with the difficulties which I am to overcome for your sake; and modestly admitted my ability to overcome them, it only remains to add that I am counting on your ignorance of the subject being as abysmal as was mine in the good old days when we together graced the halls and trod the campus at Vic.

While it is not my purpose, in this effort of my faltering pen, to compare favorably or otherwise, Oxford and Toronto, or Brasenose and Victoria; it will be but natural for me to dwell longer on the differences which are many, than on the similarity, between the two. I feel very strongly, that each could learn much from the other for the betterment of both. And in the learning process Toronto would have a distinct advantage. For Oxford, encrusted with the traditions of the ages, does not take kindly to change. She has stood through the centuries, as staunchly impregnable to the assaults of modern ideas, as have her gray towers to the relentless attacks of the elements. And even as they conceal within their stern old walls priceless treasures of architecture and mosaic and colour, the accumulating of past ages, which men come far to look upon and wonder at; so behind her wall of inflexible trad-

ition, is to be found vast learning which the world's greatest men have for centuries journeyed far to partake of and contribute to.

Let no one think that it is in a spirit of bigotry, false pride, or prejudice, that Oxford thus consistently closes her gates to modern movements and reforms, which would, according to their supporters, put her abreast of the times. It is because she has absolute confidence in the soundness of her policies. She believes in herself as she is and has always been, and it is beyond dispute that she has unassailable ground for this belief. She realizes that she is unique among universities, and she desires to remain so, because only by so doing can she fulfil her mission in the world, and in our Empire. Oxford has been the cradle of the men who have ruled, and the movements which have stirred the Empire, and to a large extent, the world. Who can estimate the value of her influence to either? It would be something more than desecration to replace the real Oxford by a structure which can be erected in a day, and whose proper sphere is beside and not in place of the Mother of Universities.

One of the first things that strikes Vic. men on coming to Oxford is the absence of anything resembling the "Main Building" of Toronto. One of them, who shall be nameless, having unsuccessfully importuned, in turn, a railway porter, a bus driver and a policeman in Carfax (Oxford's busiest square) to direct him to the "Main Building," at length skilfully intercepted a be-gowned individual in "The High"—(the principal street, combining the appearing of College St. and the front Campus just after a lecture hour). On repeating his request he was promptly directed to the aforesaid begowned individual's college, as, in the latter's estimation, approaching most nearly to the description. This situation is more or less symbolic of university life. As a matter of fact, there is very little of the latter as distinct from college life.

In the structure and general plan of the colleges themselves, there is also a difference from Toronto colleges, which, I think, is indicative of a deeper difference, in the very conception of the part "The College" is to play in the undergrad's life. There is no college as distinct from the college residence. Practically the whole of the structure consists of suites of rooms for the accomodation of students and "dons" and of the "Hall" where dinner, but no other meal, is served to all. The library and the chapel,

Brasenose Old Quad From Above.

invariably forms part of the college, but are quite incidental to the main part of the building, which is the home of a big family, consisting of the students and the majority of the lecturers, professors and tutors of the college, including the Principal, the Vice-Principal, the Chaplain and usually the Senior Tutor. Even those dons who have homes outside college have rooms in college, in which they conduct their tutorials and in which they are accessible to any student, not merely officially, but socially, at any time. Each student has his own little home, consisting of two or sometimes three rooms, in which he sleeps, works, entertains his friends, and has all his meals except dinner. He seldom eats them alone. The food is prepared in the college kitchen and conveyed to the rooms by college servants. The colleges are built in quadrangles, and the larger the college, of course, the greater the number of 'quads'. The quads themselves are divided into staircases on each of which there are usually six sets of rooms. The rooms are not at all uniform in size, shape or in the matter of furniture. As to lecture rooms, as we shall see, there are few lectures and these, to very small groups of students. Few of the colleges have more than two small lecture rooms. If the necessity for a large lecture room should arise, the Hall is used. It only remains to add that there is only one—or at most two—entrances to the college, and when the heavy gates of oak are swung to, at 9.30 p.m., the college is rendered as impregnable as Gibraltar itself.

It is a matter of extreme regret to me, that I should have had to inflict these details upon you. But I have done so, not for the sake of the details themselves, but because I believe them to be

responsible for the great characteristic of Oxford University life, namely —the sense of sympathy, understanding and co-operation which exists between all the students themselves and between the students and dons.

For the further strengthening of this bond as well as for other obvious reasons, each college has a number of societies, characterized by simplicity of form and informality of procedure, in which kindred spirits meet to discuss their pet subjects, or in which the whole college meets to contemplate vociferously and otherwise, world and empire problems. To take for example—than which there can be none better—my own college of Brasenose. We have the Pater Society, named after Walter Pater, an old Brasenose man, where the literary celebrities meet, in the rooms of one of the members, once a week to hear and discuss papers read by a member. The Ingoldsby Society—the author of Ingoldsby Legends, was a Brasenose man—for the similar discussion of music and other forms of art. The Sutton Society— so called because Richard Sutton was one of the founders of the college,—is a college debating Society, the thought of which inspired my recent use of the word "vociferously." Here we hear voiced the views of men of every shade of opinion, from those of him who commences every speech with the words "Gentlemen, I am a Tory," followed by screams of laughter from everyone else, much to his (feigned) annoyance; and who has to be forcibly held in his seat and furiously fanned when the House of Lords is slightingly referred to; from the views of such, I say, to those of the ardent Guild or Independent Socialist. The Vampyre Club,—for whose name no adequate explanation has ever been advanced in my hearing—is one which has a great college ideal as its *raison d'être,* and which adopts a very simple, but successful plan for its attainment. The object is to prevent cliques from thriving in the college and to draw together in sympathy and understanding all the Societies which I have mentioned, all the promoters of the various branches of athletics, and all of those who for any reason whatever, might otherwise fail to know and appreciate each other. The Club consists of about twenty members, representing, as far as possible, every shade of opinion and every group in the college. Its only activities are luncheons, in which all the members join, about once a fortnight. Once during the last few weeks of the college year, there is also what would be

termed in Toronto a "Hyke," but which was classified in the secretary's report as an "aquatico-cyclopoedic expedition down the Thames." From this you may gather that our methods of locomotion were various. They ranged, in fact, through the whole gamut of human invention in this particular field—from scooters to eight-oared racing boats.

In this necessarily incomplete outline of college activities, there is not space to mention the thousand and one minor 'rags,' the huge bonfires in the centre of the quad by which every notable occasion is celebrated, the occasional friendly (?) raids on other colleges, the expeditions 'down the river' in the summer term or the quadrennial college ball, given in either Commemoration Week or Eights Week of the summer term. But I have tried to show that university life at Oxford is almost entirely college life; and that the college is the students' home, and its members his family

Although occasionally classified, I understand, in other ways by the good citizens of Oxford, undergraduates are, to the casual observer, divided into two classes, namely, scholars and commoners. These classes are probably distinguishable to some extent by their mental equipment, as the former have won scholarships at the various colleges. They constitute about twenty per cent. of the whole undergraduate body. But since I have spoken of the casual observer, and as the extent of gray matter is not more easily gauged by casual observation in Oxford than in Toronto, I must explain that this is quite an unimportant distinction. Commoners wear a most extraordinary little abbreviated gown, with no sleeves and two beautiful tails about three inches in width and as long (or as short) as the gown, attached to each shoulder. Gowns are worn at all lectures, tutorials, at chapel, in hall, and on all other state occasions, as well as by any undergrad. who is outside the walls of his college after 9.30 p.m. The reason for this, will hereafter appear. The gown is not always worn sweeping down in graceful folds from the broad shoulders of the owner. In cold weather, it is very useful as a neck-scarf, and the shivering commoner is led to say:

I wish I were a Scholar.
For on a winter's day,
My gown but half my neck enfolds;
While his goes all the way.

The college year at Oxford is made up of three terms, each of about two months: Michaelmas, commencing in October; Hillary about the middle of January and Trinity about the last week in April. So that there are two short vacations of six weeks each at Christmas and Easter and a long summer vacation of slightly over three months. Study is not confined to the college term, but is even more prevalent in the Vacs. Term exams, called collections for the sake of brevity, mark the close of each term and similar joyful occasions await us on returning from each Vac. University exams are not held annually. Their frequency varies in the various courses, but, generally speaking, the tangled skein seems to resolve itself into three public examinations—Responsions with which one's university career opens, and the first and second public examinations, usually at intervals of two years. There is, however, as far as I know, no statute prohibiting one from taking them all in one term. Perhaps I should say, directly prohibiting, for the statute fixing the examination fees would prevent anyone short of a Croesus from indulging in these little pastimes at other than long intervals. Nearly all examinations are viva voce as well as written.

The system of instruction at Oxford is Tutorial. That is, each undergraduate has at least one Don, who is directly responsible for his education and general well-being. His tutor plans his work for each term and vacation; receives weekly essays from him during the term on subjects set by the tutor; sets term exams; and reports orally to the Principal and Dons of the College on his pupil's progress or otherwise. This report is given in the presence of the pupil at what is vulgarly called the "Don rag," at the end of each term. During the term he spends one hour or sometimes two, each week alone with his tutor, in the course of which his industry and ability (positive or negative) is tenderly laid bare by the latter. The tutor is more than an instructor, however. He is the personal friend and adviser of his pupil, and takes a personal interest in the latter's progress not only in the educational sphere, but in college social and athletic circles. I think it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of this system of education. It is the system adopted by the world's greatest teachers, religious or profane, of all ages. Education *en masse*, by means of lectures, is a time-saving device, which results very often, in the educational as in other spheres, in inefficiency. It has its place to some extent

in all systems of education, but at Oxford it is an entirely subservient one.

A dissertation on the rules, ancient and modern, which govern our personal behaviour at Oxford, could no doubt be made highly entertaining, but I fear that I have already trespassed on too much of your time and patience, so will try to be brief. Many of the rules tend to make life incredibly dull. As for instance that one which forbids the playing of marbles in certain specified sanctuaries, or the one which inflicts a heavy penalty for indulging in an archery contest in the High. Out of consideration for the safety of passers by, the practice of leaping from one's window, accompanied by an umbrella as a parachute, is also deprecated. The sombreness of life is however somewhat lightened by the existence

Brasenose Tower and Radcliffe Camera from the Old Quad

Magdalen College Tower and Bridge

of a great number of rules, which every self-respecting undergraduate considers it his duty to break as frequently as possible. For example, it is forbidden to walk with one of the weaker sex in the street; or to appear at all in the streets after midnight; or to be found in a restaurant or hotel after 9.30 p.m., to attend public places; to enter a bar-room at any time; to smoke while in academic costume; to leave Oxford during the term or to enter it during the vac.

To the uninitiated, the majority of these rules seem unenforceable. But not so! There is a most iniquitous system of proctorage which is another word for espionage. Proctors are university professors who take upon themselves the duties but not the dignities of policemen. They are, I believe, only two or three in number, and, in turn, wander about the principal streets of Oxford—The High, The Carr, The Broad, The Giler, etc.—between the hours of 9.30 and midnight. They are accompanied on these little jaunts by two stout—and, rumor has it, swift-fellows commonly known as "bullers." Undergrad's. are easily identified by the universal absence of hats and, usually, the presence of gowns. If one is detected breaking any of the university regulations, he is approached by the proctor or one of his satellites, his name and college are taken and he is invited to hold converse with the Proctor on the morrow. The result of this interview is usually the further repletion of the University Chest, and a temporary set back to the financial standing of the student. Incorrigibles are deported into other fields. Needless to say, the nature of the Proctor's duties often leads him into embarrassing positions from which it is impossible for him to emerge with dignity, otherwise than in shreds. A Canadian visitor to Oxford, acting under instructions of his friends, was seen hatless and gownless in the High one night, behaving in a manner not strictly academical. On the approach of the Proctor he retired in the unobtrusive manner so well known to the latter who took up the pursuit in a similar manner. The fugitive proved rather elusive but was finally brought to bay on the steps of Queen's College. Now these steps constitute the one sanctuary in Oxford, outside of the colleges themselves, where the Proctor cannot touch his victim. Somewhat heated, and not to be outdone, the Proctor took up a strategic position at the foot of the steps and showed a clear intention of declaring a siege. After sitting on the steps for half an hour or so, and enjoying a particularly fragrant cigar, the fugitive quietly descended and was at once accosted by the Proctor with the time-worn introductory question, "Are you a member of the University?" "No" was the reply "Are you?" Whereupon conversation is said to have languished.

Whenever it is felt that there is a duty to celebrate publicly and on a large scale, the Proctor, realizing the futility of attempting

to stem the tide, discreetly remains at home, leaving the whole field to the civil police, who adopt very similar tactics. For instance, on November 11th many Varsity regulations received a very rude jolt. Hardly had darkness fallen when at various places in the principal streets, bonfires, to feed the flames of which silent accumulutions of wood had been taking place for some time, burst into flame as if by magic. Uncouth figures in various stages of disarray leaped, dancing and shrieking, about these. Now locked in a solid mass they swung dizzily about the fires. Then, in long files they would dash forward and singly or in pairs, leap madly through the flames and over the "bonner". A chap, minus a leg since the Somme, was seized bodily by a young giant and carried on his shoulder triumphantly through, amidst thunderous applause. One individual approached the fire rather uncertainly but with what he no doubt supposed to be incredible speed. His intention was obviously to jump the fire, but on reaching the edge of it he sat down abruptly with his pedal extremities in it, grinning fatuously. A dozen lusty arms dragged him out of danger and a captured fire extinguisher began to play on his feet. As the fires died down, the throng broke up into groups with various objects in view. Among these figured prominently raids on colleges and on theatres; the commandeering of motor buses and lorries; and the unearthing of alleged Bolsheviks, followed by public recantations or duckings. Many a private feud was worked off and after ferocious struggles, the contestants shook hands all round and embarked on some common enterprise. Many a traditional college feud was revived for the first time since the war, and pre-war college alliances were renewed with much fervour. The celebrations were concluded—outside the college walls, at least,—by the seizing of a German field gun from Magdalen Museum grounds, pushing it up the High and down St. Aldates to Folly Bridge, where it was toppled into the Thames. The next morning an unfortunate boatman capsized on it, and was with difficulty rescued from the icy waters.

You may be relieved to hear, (if anyone has continued to read this far) that such ebullitions do not occur with very great frequency. But the latent power and I might almost say, desire, to indulge in these harmless frolics is always there, and occasionally breaks forth on a less extensive but no less intensive scale.

Oxford life would be most inadequately described were I to omit some account of her athletic and sporting activities. Each college places in the field, during the Michaelmas and Hilary term, two Rugby and two Soccer teams, a Grass-hockey team, an Athletic team, and at the same time trains some twenty or thirty men to row. Practically every afternoon is given up to sport. There are no lectures and few labs. in the afternoon. Practically every fit man is not only expected but morally required to take part in some form of sport, and he must be a very poor specimen indeed if he does not get a game somewhere. Moral suasion is very effective at Oxford, in this connection, for most of the students come from the public school, where they were obliged to participate in games. The object of every college in this field of endeavor is twofold—to turn out a winning team and to give every man in college a game. All this applies also to Trinity Term Tennis and Cricket sides.

Rowing is the oldest form of sport in Oxford. It has a tradition of a century behind it, and claims as of right, first place in the enthusiasm and affection of each college. And so, rain or sun, hot or cold, Michaelmas, Hilary or Trinity term, "the river" is on every afternoon one of the busiest spots in Oxford. Various kinds of craft are in evidence; from the two oared "tub" containing two river-struck novices and a fuming coach, to the sixty foot, eight-oared Varsity Trial Boat at the approach of which all meaner craft scuttle frantically to the bank. And well may they do so, for in addition to fearful quantities of odium, a fine of £5 is levied on any college Boat Club whose craft interfere with the trial work of a Varsity eight.

But busy as is the river itself, scarcely less so is the tow path by its side. Here frantic college coaches rush up and down on bicycles and afoot, following their various fours and eights; entreating, imploring and threatening, through a megaphone, and paying absolutely no attention to each other or anyone else on the tow-path. We are occasionally treated with the rare sight of collisions not only on the water but on the tow-path. Vociferous instructions are interrupted by a crash, a splash, a gurgle and two gasping individuals clambering out of the friendly Isis, outwardly, mutually apologetic. But who shall attempt to describe the intensity of their inward animosity.

All the boating activities of the year lead up to the college eights' races in "Eights Week" of Trinity term—early in June The Coxless Fours of Michaelmas term and the fixed-seat Eights of Hilary term, are all minor events compared to these great races on sliding seats. Eights week is also the social event of the year at Oxford. Relatives and friends of undergrads. pour into Oxford in hundreds, to watch day by day from the roofs of the college barges which line the race course, the series of bumping races. The best eight on the river gradually works its way by victory after victory (signalized by bumping, in each race, its prow against the stern of the boat which started ahead of it) to the proud position of "head of the river." The poorest eight is bumped down place after place and ends up ignominiously at the "bottom of the river" —figuratively speaking. The races are not the only activities of Eights Week. Dances, dinners, theatres, and delightful canoe and punting expeditions up the conveniently shady Cherwell—a branch of the Thames—are strewn in great profusion through the course of that glorious week. And at its close the unhappy undergrad. finds himself transported suddenly from those Elysian fields in which he has been roaming, back to sordid earth—and finals in three weeks.

But we will leave him, before the transition, and take with us only that golden memory of him, and of Oxford.

—P. H. Gallaway, '18.

An 8-oared Racing Boat and the College Barges in Eights Week.

WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB.

Standing—Misses M. Everson, J. V. McClenaghan, E. G. A. Hull, H. J. Dewey, K. L. Jeffs, M. E. Davis.
Sitting—Miss M. Deeves, Prof. W. H. Greaves, M.A.; Miss E. Sterling (President), Prof. S. H. Hooke, M.A.; Miss G. Rutherford.

Memoirs of Chlotilde Jane Beaconsfield

Written in the year of her life, seventeen.
Rustin College, St. Adrian's Square,
New Ramsay.

*Magnum opus begun le six Novembre en l'an mil neuf cent dix-neuf (I refer to the sixth of November, in the year 1919) Idem magnum opus (the same colossal work) to be concluded le premier mai 1920, owing to the stress of spring examinations, and the consequent drain on my intellect and time. There are those like Leslie Ferguson who preen themselves on doing the day's work as it comes, escaping thus the accumulation at the end, the mastication of dry tea, and a wet towel bound about the head to stimulate thought. But mindful of the uncertainties of this life, and the possibility of being run over and killed before one's store of knowledge could be drawn upon, I take my pleasures while I may, and leave no room for regrets. Invitations and opportunities pass our way but once, and how sad must be the memory of a little learning and a wasted life. Our Principal adjures us to bear that in mind.

My underlying purpose in writing these memoirs is to provide suitable reading for the lonely hours of my bleak old age, when prosperity and friends have withdrawn, and I am stranded aloft, as it were—gone aground like Noah's Ark. It may be not unpleasing to me then to recall that I have lived.

As I unfold the Past—that is to say, the history of events since the fourteenth of September, the day we entered Rustin—it is possible that my memoirs may lack, to some extent, continuity, for it is not my intention to squander my intellect in recording every small event as Azalea Perkins does.

"Stew for dinner, Edmund called. Little Rupe passed away this morning." (Rupert, her gold-fish, named for a friend). For one thing, food, as food, is immaterial to me, so long as I have had enough. And for another, when Mr. Herman calls it is not a matter for rejoicing—it is usually to take me to church. My circle of men friends is not large, in truth, I have only Mr. Herman. But the fact that one is comparatively unversed in the ways of

a class of society, is no reason for one not holding theories in regard to them, and my Journal may contain here and there thoughts on serious topics, with special reference to Man and His Elevation, though I do not pledge myself to record them all, as important matters crowd upon me.

It occurred to me this afternoon in the chemistry lecture, that, dealing with events of significance, perhaps I should open my memoirs with an account of the purchase of the handsome volume in which I write.

This morning, owing to the inclement weather and an incipient cough, I felt obliged to skip English and go downtown for rubbers. Arriving at the huge departmental store of MacDonald's, however, and seeing this handsomely bound "Daily Journal," I bought it instead The mind should be shod before the feet, and I can borrow Carlotta's, should it rain.

That is the difference betwen Carlotta and me, or might I say, like the illustrious Horace, Ode . . I forget the Ode . . . raise a monument to my memory more lasting than bronze. Carlotta is moral, but she lacks inspiration, which may account for my finding it so wearing to room with her. My spirit, being an Anglican's, is not at home with righteous persons.

This Journal is undoubtedly an exceptional bargain, and worth double the sum that I paid for it. Massive, with board covers, dignified in design, its decorative value lying in a watered pattern done in blue, black, yellow, green and orange on a groundwork of red, it is an addition to any bookshelf. Within are the Postal Rates, Foreign and Domestic, all the Festivals and Eclipses, a full page calendar for the year 1919-20, the Legal Weights and Measures of Canada, Rules for Computing Interest, Terms and Sittings of Supreme Courts, Sessions of the Peace, and Valuable Banking Information for Business Men, concerning Negotiable Notes, Notes Falling Due on Sunday, and Makers of Notes that are Lost or Stolen, to say nothing of the pages—eleven in number—at the back of the Journal devoted to a list of all the Chartered Banks in Canada from Quebec to the Yukon. On the whole, I venture to say, it was an unusual bargain for a dollar forty-nine.

However, I can take no credit to myself for its purchase. Some

might call it chance, others, fate, that led me through the Book Department on my way to the rubber counter on the floor above. To show how strongly supernatural forces work, I may say that when I entered MacDonald's this morning I had no thought save that of rubbers in my mind, black rubbers, size 3, and a small parcel of macaroons for Azalea who was indisposed owing to an oyster stew last night, and the oysters having been a little old but too expensive to be wasted. We weren't invited—which accounts, no doubt, for our being up and about. So swift does the hand of retribution fall! (A moral reflection of my own), Azalea.

Later, 10 p.m.

An interruption in the form of Leslie Ferguson, who complained (in whispers, on account of Carlotta, who had retired) of lassitude, a strange dizziness, and a general feeling of depression and exhaustion from two hours' German and the lack of any sustenance since dinner, beyond the customary allowance of two biscuits and a glass of milk at half-past nine. As Leslie Ferguson does German, her drooping condition was not to be wondered at —she lifts her vocabulary bodily, as one might say, from Cassell's Dictionary to her notebook—for instance, "Rohr-e, feminine (plural,-en) a pipe, tube, spout, siphon, nozzle, funnel, shaft, socket, canal, duct, flue, or cylinder;—ig, adjective, tabular containing pipes, fistular"—every meaning the dictionary gives, for, as Leslie says, until you try them all in turn, how can you tell which English word will fit the context? Such devotion to learning, while it struck no responsive chord in me, touched my compassion, and moved me to produce the lemon pie that she had come for. It had cost me forty-five cents and two car tickets, but such is friendship. With this thought I shall lay aside my pen and seek my couch, relieving Carlotta first of the open umbrella she placed at her head.

* * * * *

Some days have elapsed since my last entry, and I have now to record a somewhat painful episode.

Last Saturday, Carlotta, Leslie Ferguson, Marion Humphry, Azalea, and I, attended a matinee at the Princess, "Romeo and Juliet"—a Shakespearian play. We went rush, owing to the large part fees and filbert sundaes have played in college life,

and to the front tooth honour pricked us on to buy for Isabel Rainey, who lost one of hers in the interests of First Year Basketball. As I was saying, owing to financial strain, we went rush, and in order to save time and secure the best seats possible, we partook of an early and informal lunch in Leslie's room.

Some time was lost in hunting for Carlotta's unmbrella, and in borrowing Ruth Osborne's galoshes for me—the rain was descending in torrents—but we caught our car at the corner, and "all was merry as a wedding-bell." It was left for me to conduct the party, so that, as we approached the Princess I pressed the button, and led the way out. At such an hour the theatre doors, of course, were closed, but so had Fortune smiled upon upon us that not another soul was there. We headed the line, and in due time could hope for the front row in the rush seats, if Marion's breath held out The wind blew, and the rain descended, but we stood in line, and watched our umbrellas, whiling away the time in sprightly converse, congratulating ourselves on the excellence of our position. It was then that I happened to glance through the plate glass window beside us, on our left. Inside were men of various ages, sitting about in easy chairs, some of them smoking, a few of them reading, but most of them looking out, not in a personal way, but as though they saw something, something in the street which had attracted their attention. I was about to make an observation on the way of the management, a rotunda with a private entrance for the men who went rush, while theatre-goers of the other sex could stand in line outside—I was, as I said, about to make a caustic observation, when by chance I raised my eyes to see—"Prince George"—in large white letters overhead. We had got off at an hotel by mistake. The error had been mine—in looking through the car window and seeing "Prin—" I didn't wait for "—cess." The men, I dare say, thought it strange.

* * * * *

(Later by four days)

The interruption was Carlotta, with our accounts; she spends her allowance, and I account for it As addition is not my forte it always lames me for my literary work. I wrote to grandfather—my sole remaining relative, a most estimable man when he is

at home, but given to travel—I wrote to grandfather, laying the situation before him, and he adjured me by all means to cultivate the muse.

As yesterday was Sunday, Azalea, Carlotta, and Leslie and I, attended the morning service at St. Luke's. It is a cathedral, a vast cathedral, with echoing aisles, and a thundering organ, and a strange, white, dazzling light. Twelve personages usher in morning coats and pink carnations—and when they have taken up the collection the same twelve men go marching, two and two, up the aisle to melt at the chancel-rail into a long thin line of backs. They all have bald spots as well as carnations. (It made me rather lonesome for grandfather, seeing twelve of him there in a row). It was, beyond all question, an imposing spectacle, and if brings home to one the Flight of Time.

* * * * *

Azalea spent the afternoon downtown, buying a maize crepe waist, and repenting at leisure, but selling it as soon as she got home to her room-mate, who can't wear maize but is not exacting. Azalea purchased also a large breadknife and a small loaf.

* * * * *

It is the twenty-seventh of November, and sad at heart, with many a misgiving and presentiment of ill, I take my pen in hand. "*Esse non vidi,*" is to be my motto henceforth. It has been a trying day, but it is nearly over. It is almost dinner-time, but I dressed early, hoping to have time to make the entry in my Journal before we go down.

The day certainly began auspicuously. We had omelette for breakfast, and at noon my horizon was still unclouded. I had just covered my tenth sheet of essay paper, and brought a literary morning to a close, having poured forth my heart on paper and "Present Discontents" (our topic, to be treated in our own way) knowing full well that as a repository of confidences Professor MacLennan could be trusted before some friends whose names I shall not write, friends who are not bound to me, it seems, by ties of obligation, in the form of sundry small loans and my Italian silk stockings returned to me with a run in the toe.

I was collecting the sheets and numbering them when Azalea Perkins blew into our room, her head swathed in a turban of

brown-and-red bathtowel, with not a hair in sight. She had shampooed her hair for the reception to-morrow night, and was drying it by a method of her own, which entailed a severity of outline during the process. Leslie Ferguson was in the room, and soon Carlotta appeared, with Israel Rainey, and Marion.

When Azalea wants to ask a question really personal, she sits on the arm of one's chair—and she sat on the arm of mine. What Azalea wanted to know was, how many proms of mine were taken—and what Azalea wanted to tell me was, that her programme was filled, absolutely filled.

"I will see that yours is filled," she promised as she was leaving

"Thank you," I said, with impressiveness, "I am engaged."

I didn't leave the path of rectitude by design—my meaning was sincere at the time. I meant there was no room for assistance—but Azalea misunderstood me, and I fell.

"En-gaged!" she said, turning back. "You don't *mean* it! To whom? And why haven't you told us?"

Her tone was one of mingled amazement and respect, not far removed from ecstasy—and for a brief space I enjoyed the distinction with none of the irksome details.

And what excitement there was—it astonished even me. So long as the interest remained general I didn't steer my ship too badly—for after the first shock of realization I had caught at the gardener at home, deciding that there was a man whom, in an emergency such as this, I could claim as a lifelong friend. His having rescued me from a cow when I was five, and having shown no disposition to let me drown when I was ten, seemed to point, at least so I thought, to a friendly feeling.

But when they began to ask for details, to pin me down, as it were, to facts, there was I "with my eye in fine frenzy rolling," fighting to keep them off until I had covered a way of escape. But that is Carlotta's way—tenacity and an unerring instinct for the non-essentials. She wanted to know

When It Was To Be?

After considerable fencing, I admitted guardedly that there were, in fact, Obstructions—not considering it necessary to describe the nature of the Obstructions, a wife and seven children.

The girls breathed with sympathy, leaping to the conclusion that grandfather was the angel with sword in his hand.

Would he . . . have to wait long? Azalea ventured

Yes, I answered, unless the Grim Reaper stepped in.

"Poor dear," Azalea murmured in a mild and soothing tone, from the left arm of my chair. "Did he . . ", a decent pause, "seem to mind?"

"He seemed . . . ," a pause on my side, "filled up," I ended lamely, for to use a colloquial expression afflicts me—but what else can describe influenza? Especially if it is chronic!

There, the gong is sounding, and there is dinner to be lived through. But no viand will tempt me—unless, perchance, it be roast lamb, with a dressing of mint sauce.

(Extracts from a Freshie's Journal).

S.E.B., '21.

Mostly About Girls

ROSALIND stood before the man at the desk, outwardly rigid, but horribly weak-kneed and uncertain of her stenographic abilities, in spite of her shiny new business college diploma.

"So you want a job, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Been to High School?"

"Yes, I went one year to college besides."

"What College?"

"Victoria, sir"

"Victoria? Where's that? Have you had any experience?"

"No, not yet."

"No experience, eh? No experience. An unexperienced girl is, —er—well, I should prefer one who had worked before. I'll take your name and address, and let you know—"

However, pressure of business, and a shortage of stenographers forced him to a decision, and he proceeded to brace himself grimly against the astonishing and unexpected vagaries by which Rosalind's inexperience expressed itself. Strange that one on whom

Victoria had shed its lustre should send letters and forget the enclosures; should omit what was there, or add what was not, when copying simple matter, or should insult the Premier of Ontario by spelling his name incorrectly. Alas, these were mere trifles. Rosalind found that the business world was far ~~un~~removed from that of the Wordsworthian sonnet, the Tennysonian ideal. Accuracy and reliability were the cardinal virtues of the former. She evinced extraordinary stupidity in many everyday matters, and sometimes asked herself whether she had learned anything at all heretofore.

However, in spite of it all she managed to enjoy herself exceedingly, especially in regard to observing the genus Stenographer. She increased in wisdom, worldly chiefly, and in the first flush of an increase in salary, purchased a box of face-powder. The next day, after lunch, she too applied the stamp of ~~vanity.~~ vanity. During these lunch hours many a discussion was held. The girls talked books sometimes, standard authors at that, and what is more, expressed opinions thereon. But whenever a new diamond ring appeared—which was frequent—the event influenced the whole room. Ah! Here was a subject on which the quietest would wax eloquent, that would arouse enthusiasm of which any history group might be envious. Argument, repartee, and a free expression of views would bring forth the most amazing theories for the solving of matrimonial problems ever yet set before humanity. Whether a model housekeeper was, after all, man's chief desire, was always a debatable point. As neither side would retire convinced of its error, time alone can answer.

But they didn't let such matters interfere with business—the saints forbid! One of Rosalind's tasks was the acknowledging and filing of High School teachers' applications. She became expert in distinguishing the good, bad, and indifferent points of these, and now considers herself an authority, well able to give detailed information and advice on this important matter. Whenever she chanced upon a testimonial from a Victoria professor, she noted it, as being especially trustworthy, but they were like everyone else—willing to admit that the aspiring applicant had been an outstanding student, of wonderful promise, was conscientious, painstaking, thorough, had a strong grasp of his subjects, was of pleasing personality, in short, just the person for whom every school board was seeking.

When Rosalind returned to college she found a decided readjustment necessary. Gone was the easy freedom of the office. Everyone seemed grimly determined to get somewhere; where, it didn't seem to matter, provided one was getting. Ambition and high ideals simply charged the air. She hid her box of face-powder in awe of, and not wishing to prove a stumbling-block to, the theologues. She found no groups discussing "The Ideal Husband"—in public, that is. But after all, the business girls had many points in common with those at college. They had ambition too, plenty of it, were up-to-date in public affairs, and able to carry heavy responsibility. Often the only difference between the college student and the girl earning her own living is opportunity. Because the cashier in Eaton's has a coiffure which causes astonishment, it does not follow that the brains underneath are empty. She might be one of the thousands to whom a small bedroom and Childs' restaurant spell home. Had circumstances been different, she might have become a worthy graduate. At any rate, she could tell us a great deal about life of which we are still ignorant. No, we aren't the world with a fence around it, and we'll not be beings set apart after graduation day.

M. D. M., '22.

To———

The moon shines o'er the dark and gloomy plains
Of desolate and bloody No Man's Land,
Long, thin, white scars, that curve like slender veins,
The lonesome trenches lie on either hand.
Reports say, "Silence on this front to-night,
"Only a desultory action on,"
Snipers are working by that pale moon's light,—
Would that the moon and stars had never shone!
He died not in the glory of the strife,
The sudden rush for British warrior-fame;
Alone, scarce thought of, breathed he out his life,
The grave he lies in does not bear his name.
But in my soul that name is blazoned strong,
And in my heart, his memory is long.

—True Davidson.

The Demon in the Fire-place

THERE is nothing like a crackling grate fire, an easy chair and a pipe to make a man reminiscent. A fireplace is one of the few lures that even the clamshell type can scarcely resist, a relict perhaps of the delight some Edison of the early ages gave his shivering fellow-tribesmen when he evolved the first man-made spark from a couple of sticks. So as I sat with three others before a blazing hearth in K—I wondered how long the taciturnity of the old Northwest Mounted Policeman—"Pete" we called him—would resist its charm. I had not long to wait. One of the other two had just finished a tale of Hawaii, of its valleys and wooded hills, of miles of sugar cane under a scorching sun, of Filipino and Jap herding in the compounds like bees in a hive.

There was a pause as he finished and then Pete took his pipe from his mouth and gazing into the blaze began to talk at first fitfully and leisurely, then with a fierce intentness that made us lean forward in our chairs:

"I was up in the Northland at the time. You folks haven't any idea of what it's like. I can't hope to make you see it as I can remember it. There's mountains there, not knolls like your Hawaiin Hills, and there's forest too not woods. They must be a great sight for the old moon in that silent sky. Leagues and leagues of trees rising a little on the hills, dipping into the hollows, tall dark-needled pines, scraggy hemlocks, thick shaggy spruces and all the rest of 'em. And far to the north the waste stretch of the barren lands. It only needs the winter to finish the picture. Then, you'd think the land grew snow, the depth it is. The trees are loaded, each one a Sinbad with his "Old man of the Snow" on his shoulders. Hit one with an axe and you get a snow-bank down your neck. Waist-deep is nothing. The wind can't drift it through the trees so there it piles like an everlasting feather bed. In the moonlight it glistens like quicksilver wherever the cold old lady steals between the branches. "Quicksilver," that's what I thought as I stopped a moment to look at a patch of it one December, years ago. "The barren lands must be a sleeping flood of it to-night." Then I started on again towards the camp. The paths of the Mounted Police lead them into strange places at times. I'd gone into new country that day, further than I intended in fact, and

was late getting back. Going was slow and the stillness was ghastly. It began to get on my nerves though I'm not a man you'd say who was cursed by any too much imagination. You know the feeling you get, as if you want to shout and yet you can't, just as if a nightmare had you in its grip. To make the illusion a bit more convincing a little haze began to drift over the sky not thick, but just enough to blur the quicksilver into a vague whiteness and deepen the tree-shadows into a pale greyish black. New shadows started up in the most disconcerting way. The woods didn't look friendly no longer. All the old wives' tales I had heard or read started to float through my mind and whisper in a gloating way that I was alone and in a country that no one had explored. I remembered yarns some Indians had told me of whites who had gone into this very district and never come back. Curiously enough, I started to feel that I didn't dare to look behind, that every shadow might hide some lurking, unknown beast of prey.

If Alice Carey had been in my place she wouldn't have raved quite so much about "The pictures that hang on memory's wall." She would have been glad enough to forget a few of them.

Fear of the unknown is the most paralyzing thing I know. A man can face the tangible but the intangible is something that eludes you and is still there. That tests a man to the marrow.

Just as I began to feel that I couldn't bear the shadows and the stillness any longer I suddenly broke through a margin of evergreens to find myself on the edge of a little glade set in the forest likek an oasis of light. I stopped to look at it and then I rubbed my eyes and stared thunderstruck. A house mayn't seem like a miracle to you fellows, but where I was I wouldn't have been more surprised to see the Arch Angel Gabriel come down in a blaze of glory with a host of angels. There shouldn't have been another white man, barring our camp, within a few hundred miles or two, nothing—but a wretched Indian tribe or some scattered Esquimaux. Yet, there in the centre of the glade was a little cabin, half-ruined· roof caved in, door drunkenly ajar, but a white man's house just the same. Who built it? Goodness knows! Some old wanderer of the nineties maybe, or perhaps a squaw-man from the Yukon. Most times I should have started right across the glade. But to-night things had been a bit too eerie. It wasn't exactly fear, but somehow I didn't like the thought of crossing that open

space. So I waited a moment to look at it, and it wasn't long before I was glad I did. Maybe my nerves were overwrought, I can't say. But at any rate I'll tell you just what I saw.

The glade sloped towards me a bit and this house sat in the centre. In the moonlight it looked like a study in light and shadow. Its doorway, the door ajar, faced me. Naturally enough my eyes tried to pierce the gloom beyond the threshold and then I realized with a little shock that in that doorway was some of the blackest darkness I have ever seen. Service talks of darkness velvet-piled. This looked as if you could take it in chunks and use it for brickbats. All the wierdness of the night came back with redoubled force. I started to feel that there was something terrible about this cabin, to wish that I was safely back in the circle of the campfire. 'This will never do' I said to myself, 'you're getting superstitious in your old age' and glancing away from the hut I took a step ahead. The snow crunched under my foot, and the sound in the wide silent spaces stopped me short like a graven statue. The moon glided under a bank of clouds, and suddenly I noted a sort of break, a cavern, as it were, in the dark evergreens around the glade. It was to the right of the cabin. In later days I've thought it looked as old trails do when they fall into disuse and the forest takes them back. But at that time it seemed as if all the darkness of the night had settled into that one little hollow. The blackness of the log house paled beside it.

When I was a youngster I could never go to sleep if I couldn't see a square of light. The night was always filled with terrible shapes from some forgotten underworld I'd known in some previous existence, perhaps. Terrible shapes they were too, faces like gargoyles, claws that clutched and grasped, terror that drummed at your ears, eyes, that threatened things unspeakable. I had plenty of demons of my own particular brand when I was a youngster, all right. So now as then I was frozen to the spot, doomed to see whatever came and I knew it. A sense of utter helplessness came over me. A queer metallic hum drummed in my ears. Faster and faster beat the drums. My eyes dilated until they hurt and then just as in my dream-world the shutters of darkness flashed apart and a monstrous shape leaped out in terrific bounds. I can't describe it. Words only weaken the indescribable. But think of all the frightful beasts, of which you've ever heard, the fire-

breathing Chimaera of the Greeks, the gigantic demon Wehr-wolf of the Northmen, the weird Leprechaun of the French-Canadian. Think of them all in their most loathsome, terrible, form and imagine them as a true reality leaping from that dark woods. Then you may guess how my heart stood still and my very soul seemed to shrink in fear. In great leaps the beast cleared the snow and I'll swear that it left no track behind it.

I had a vision of eyes like pools of flame, of jaws slavering with blood and of a face—well, as a work of art, even Santa couldn't have added any touches. Then with a spring the monster veered and swept to the cabin. For one instant it paused and then leaped inside. I heard a cry that was terror personified, a cry that broke short into silence, then the ghastly gurgle of blood and scrunch of bones that punctuated a gigantic, bloodthirsty, growling purr as of some contented beast. I wanted to run in blind terror, to lose myself in the forests, but before I could move, that monster sprang from the cabin door once again. This time he carried something, what it was I couldn't see, in his mouth. One swift glare towards me—it left me shivering as in the ague—and then swept back to the covert whence it came. This time his trail was blood red and gory.

I think fear must have turned me crazy. I can never remember what happened next till I found myself in the glow of our own campfire, my empty revolver in my hands. They tell me my eyes were blood-shot, my tongue babbling as in delirium.

It was days before I could think coherently. I never saw that glade again. We searched for it a day later but had to move on before we could locate it. Of course I've often wondered what it was. Some tell me it was a beast of prey of the Northland tracking his victim to that deserted house, but you should have seen an Indian who heard this story once. He backed away with a look of absolute terror on his face, then turned and ran as if I were a fiend from hell.

As a rule things don't make a deep impression on me. I'm too much of a materialist like Hassack there, but I've never been able to forget that episode. One thought always makes me shudder. What if I'd started to cross that glade, if I'd been in the way when the monster rushed from the forest to that deserted cabin?''

The speaker stopped and we stirred uneasily in our chairs.

Our pipes were out and the fire seemed to have died down into a cheerless flicker. The shadows had crept into the corners. With an exclamation that made us jump, Kent leaped to his feet and turned on the lights. "Confound it, Pete" he said "You've given me the shivers, who's got a light, I want to get over this."

A burst of laughter at his words and our own discomforture relieved the tension. Five minutes later we were chattering merrily again and Wehr-wolver and Leprechauns had slunk away to their forest homes.

Jamaica

OUR little steam trawler, the Givenchy, steamed into Kingston harbour one beautiful March afternoon. No sooner had the rattle of the anchor chain in the hawse-pipe ceased when, from over the side of the ship, shouts of, 'Hi Mister! dive for a penny!' could be plainly heard coming from the throats of boys who were still wearing their first issue of kit. Soon the whole ship was surrounded with little flat boats and their cargo of smiling humanity from which the different cries of 'Got any washing', 'Want some fruit to-day, Mister', 'Chang—e for chang—e' came to break the monotony. It might be added that old boots and other articles of wearing apparel have a high market value on the 'Change—e for change—e' system. Very soon the decks were littered with old clothes of all discriptions, the trade being so profitable that some of the lads remarked that the next time they visit Jamaica they will bring a cargo of old clothes with them. Nor is it at all difficult to make friends there for upon very slight acquaintance you are addressed by such euphonious titles as, 'Dearie,' 'Sweetheart,' 'Honey,' and 'My Love.' Such was our experience the first half hour in Jamaica, but before 'going ashore,' I should mention the large sweet grape-fruit, the delicious oranges and the big bunches of bananas, at 60 cents a bunch. What a feast we had!

'Jack Ashore' has a world-wide reputation which I believe he must have acquired in Jamaica. Before the picture that casts

itself before mine eyes I would fain draw a curtain, but no,—I shall go on. Here we saw natives living in absolute poverty, not because they won't work but because there is no work. Here we found out that some of those native lads were supporting mothers and sisters on the paltry pittance they got from diving for pennies. Here also we found out the cause of distress which can be stated in one word—Capitalists. Large American and British interests are in control, not only of the resources of the country, but also, of the Government. The latter is accomplished by constitution, it being so arranged that the white men, who of the population number one out of fifty, have always a majority in the National Assembly. The standard wage for labourers is one shilling per day for women and one and six for men and to evade paying this excessive wage one sugar-estate owner, an Englishman I believe, imported a cargo of Hindu coolies and contracted with them for a certain number of years. Modern Slavery! The fruit trade is controlled entirely by an American monopoly and also much of the valuable real estate in the cities is owned by similar corporations. The island is flooded with filthy rum shops which demoralize the natives and keep them in the thraldom of poverty.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon we were shown around by two natives whose general intelligence and witty remarks were not only a surprise to us but also a revelation. They took us out in the country upon which nature has lavished her choicest gifts. We saw the fields of sugar cane, the groves of bananas and oranges, fields of pineapples, the lofty wide-spreading palm trees, cotton trees, and the famous banyan and scores of trees bearing strange fruit and having strange names. It was a noteworthy fact that our native friend could answer all inquiries we made regarding the plants, the trees, the history of the island, and its Government.

Before leaving the Island our ship had to be coaled and this the natives did for us in their pre-historic way, carrying the baskets of coal on their head and dumping them in the ship's bunkers. Men and women, in all kinds of attire, of ages varing from fourteen to sixty, toiled away at this from seven in the morning to six at night and for their slavish toil were rewarded with the pitiless sum of eight pence for a dozen baskets, the average earnings being about four shillings. When I thought of this and was informed that those same people might not get any more work for six weeks,

I pledged myself to say a few words of sympathy for these down-trodden souls of humanity. There is a solution that is obvious to everyone. Surely these human souls are more important than the millions of gold that go to keep the few in luxury. Surely we ought to resent the disgrace that these white people are casting on the name of Englishmen. Some day I hope to picture Jamaica freed from the bonds of greed with sunshine and happiness where now there is filth and degradation.

—J. K.

As once upon a chill and dreary morn
Up-rose and fair out-shone the light of Heav'n,
So sunrise broke upon a soul forlorn
When by thy light of love my night was riv'n.
Along a pathway up a mountain steep
A shivering traveller groped his darksome way.
The shadowy world about him, wrapped in sleep,
Betrayed no semblance to the joyous day,
Sudden, a bird-song bursts upon his ears,
And with impulsive hope his being thrills.
Eastward he casts his gaze, and there appears
The sun's first ray gilding the distant hills.
The traveller sings; the beauteous world grows bright.
O glorious orb of day! Oh holy light!

—JACQUES.

1913.

I followed, silent, once, a mountain trail,
Checkered with shadows of the rising moon,
Where winds that never went down to the vale,
Played through the pine trees with a wild, sweet croon.
Sharp on the quiet of the heights there rang
A flute's clear song; from out the gloom ahead
It echoed back, a voice to trust, that sang,
That called us on—that to "The Summit" led.
Our lives are in the valley and the plain
Is clamorous with the shouts of pipers gay,
Who beckon us with promise of great gain,
Till, doubting all, we can not see the way.
Then do we seek the heights; in hour of need,
Silent, we listen that the Voice may lead.

—Marion Powers.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

Contest Results

We congratulate Miss Bush and Miss Davidson, both of the third year, upon their winning the prizes offered for the best humorous essay and the best sonnet, respectively. The judges in each case are agreed that their productions are of exceptional merit. The prize compositions are printed elsewhere in this issue. The humorous essay will make a direct appeal to all; but the sonnet is more technical, and most readers will appreciate the following criticism offered by Dr. Edgar:

(Reference is made to "Conflict" printed in the December number, and to "The Poet Child," printed in November).

"I concurred with the two other judges in the assignments of this prize to Miss True Davidson, and in selecting for special mention Jacques' well-timed and thoughtful sonnet 'Conflict.' Most of the contestants showed a preference for the Shakespearean type, which is not so exacting as the Petrarchan. Miss Powers' sonnet is marred by the awkward manipulation of two lines in the second quatrain:

> It echoed back, a voice to trust, that sang,
> That called us on—that to "The Summit" led.

The two poems by Miss Davidson have considerable merit.

"To—" is dramatically conceived and has some descriptive phrases at once felicitous and strong, as, for example, the picture of the trenches—

"Long, thin, white scars, that curve like slender veins."

A sonnet should be scrupulously economical of space, which law the final quatrain does not observe. Is not this second line "padding"?

"He died not in the glory of the strife,
The sudden rush for British warrior-fame."

The concluding couplet is conventional and Miss Davidson's Petrarchan sonnet is technically more perfect, and in a fixed form of verse like the sonnet technical considerations should count for much. The use of "knew" and "know" each in the rhyme position is the only structural flaw.

Jacques is to be most heartily congratulated on the fine conception and workmanship of "Conflict."

—P. E.

The Editorial Staff desires to express its appreciation that so many joined in the contests, especially in that of poetry. And we acknowledge our debt to Dr. DeWitt, Prof. Hooke, Dr. Edgar, and Messrs. Hardy, Lacey and Robins, who have spared us some of their valuable time to act as judges.

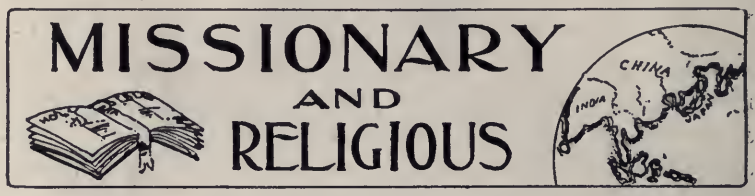
We are glad to be able to print this month an article by Dr. Armstrong, Dean of Arts in the Union Methodist Seminary, Kobe, Japan. Dr. Armstrong has made himself an authority on the subject treated here, and has an entertaining way of communicating his findings.

The Missionary Campaign

Our College has once more shown, in a practical way, its enthusiasm for missions, by subscribing over two thousand dollars to the various causes included in our objective of eighteen hundred and fifty. The claims we set out to meet were (1) the salary of Mr. Homer Brown, our representative in China, and (2) a Japanese student fellowship, similar to the Chinese fellowship raised last year. Our surplus will probably be donated to the Medico-Dental College in connection with the West China Union University. Special credit is due the Conference Theology

Class and the Sophomores, for the expeditious attainment of their share of our objective. The whole College indeed has gone over the top in less time than the remainder of Varsity took to reach three thousand five hundred dollars. The secret of it is that our students have broken away from the standard of what so-and-so does, and have asked themselves what better they *can* do. They do not feel that they are lifting an unfair share, but rather that they are getting the most out of a choice investment.

It was our rare privilege this year to have both Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Brown with us during the campaign. Judging by the interest shown in interviews for prospective missionaries, held by Mr. Brown, the stream of graduates that Victoria has contributed in past years to the Orient, will soon be flowing in full strength again, and the proportion of men to women, which fell so low during the war years, will be restored to normal.



"ARE THE JAPANESE RELIGIOUS?"

R. C. Armstrong.

ABOUT fifteen years ago a Japanese artist who had considerable religious insight exhibited a picture of a child standing by itself while four venerable old men attempted to win her attention and lead her their several directions. That child was Japan and those four old men were Buddha, Confucius, Lootze and Christ. Japan stands in doubt and hesitation before all the greatest religions of the past, not knowing what attitude to take toward religion.

Some critics would describe the child as being absolutely indifferent and humored by the appeals and attractions of religion. But since that picture was drawn occurred one of the darkest blots on Japanese history when a conspiracy to assassinate the Superior was discovered. Such a possibility awakened the best thinking

Japanese to a sense of national religious need. But unfortunately the Buddhist way of using devices to influence the common people has so affected the Nation that religion is encouraged more as a device than as a deep conviction on the part of the leaders themselves."

Some intelligent Japanese say that as a Nation Japanese are not given to religious feeling or emotion; that in reality they lack the Religious sense and that they are in a state of comatose indifference to all religion. They point out that there are only two occasions on which a priest will visit a house, viz.: At the event of death or when the priest is after money or rice. When gossiping women sitting around the well, engaged in what is properly called "a wellside conference," see a priest entering a neighboring house they say "What is the matter? Is anyone dead? Are they having special mass for the dead?" In this way the priest, who symbolizes religion to them, is a bad omen and not always a welcome guest.

Point to the ever present temple and shrine as an argument that Japanese are religious and you will invariably be told that religion has been used by the officials and by military rulers of the past in order to further their own selfish ends, but that as a matter of fact religion is not a national but an abnormal development of the national disposition. It is merely a luxury which can just as well be dispensed with.

There is a tendency to separate religion and philosophy, religion and ethics. For example, over and over again men say Buddhism is of first importance as a philosophy and is superior to Christianity while as a religion Christianity is superior. This is an experience not confined to Japan. Over and over again men have kept their philosophy and their religion in watertight compartments. In many cases the water in the former vessel is fresh and wholesome while that in the latter vessel is stagnant and unwholesome.

One Buddhist is quoted as saying, "Religion is a device that gives peace of mind in the midst of conditions as they are." When pressed for a statement as to the relation between religion and personal or social ethics, he replied: "My religion has nothing to do with morals. My religion is pure religion." He then proceeded to criticize Christians for their activity in social and moral reform. On one occasion after a lecture on Buddhism and Christianity, given before a number of middle school teachers in Japan, one ear-

nest gentleman said, "Christianity demands moral regeneration as a condition of salvation. But Amida, the Buddha of measureless light and life, saves us with our sins. Is not the mercy of Amida greater than the love of Christ?" In other words, "Is not Christianity inferior as a religion because it requires a moral standard of living?"

But are the Japanese religious? There is only one reply. They are very religious, but many of the common people do not know what religion or religious need mean. They associate religion with religious forms. It has to do with the mountain top, the shrine or the temple school, and is merely something for the dead and dying. They have not yet become sufficiently retrospective to discern the wonderful place religion has played in their lives.

This conclusion is based on several facts. Japanese history abounds with stories in which men have become gods after their death or have been regarded as incarnations during their life time. The Emperor Jiuteu became the God (Hachimon) of War. Michizane became the God of Culture, while the great prince and Buddhist saint, Shotoku Taishi, was an incarnation of the Goddess of Mercy. Many great men of the past have been very sincerely and devoutly religious. Kato Kiyomosa, the great hero who is famed for his valour in ancient Korea, was an earnest follower of the prophet priest of Buddhism, Nichiren. On the armour of the ancient knight was often found a little shrine in which was the God of Determination standing unmoved in the midst of fire. In most of the ancient castles there was a place sacred to the Heavenly God. Most great victories in history are ascribed to the protecting care of Heaven or the mystical grace of the Emperor. When the Mongolians came against Japan all the people feared and prayed. But they were especially moved because Nichiren the prophet had already foretold the coming of their enemies. Then the nation prayed. A great smoke went from the national shrine. A great typhoon arose and destroyed those enemy ships and the soldiers of Japan fell upon the Mongolians and only three of them were allowed to return to tell the terrible story.

The Japanese strongly believe in a spiritual world. In former days every village, country, mountain, river, house, kitchen and well had its god. They were satisfactory to many people in those days. Like the crude fetish which Moses set up in the wilderness,

they satisfied the people in their stage of development. But now they have largely been left behind and the people need a religion which can satisfy the head as well as the heart.

Japanese peasants are still very superstitious, and the art of divination plays a great part in their lives. A man about to take a journey east consults a diviner and discovers that to him the east is closed. If he takes a journey, calamity or bad luck will fall upon him. Now it often happens that calamity falls upon a man who goes contrary to the direction of the diviner and he is told, "I told you so." In Kanuzawa there is a house with two fronts. The explanation given is that some one of the family took sick and the diviner discovered that the house front was unlucky, so he ordered a new front. Divination is the outgrowth of the ever present animism found everywhere in the East. This animism and divination reveal a deep seated religious feeling in the masses of common people.

The ancient leaders of the people often appealed to this superstition in order to obtain their desired ends. On one occasion before leading troops into battle, Hideyoshi, the ancient Napoleon of Japan, led his army into a shrine to worship. At a given time he arranged that a white dove should rise over the worshipping army. This was a good omen and the army rejoiced in the victory they felt sure was as good as won.

Superstition is the mother of philospohy and science as well as of true religion. When the ignorance is wiped out there remains the fact that people have a religious attitude toward the universe. They believe that the last word is not *Materialism* but *Spirit*. Christianity comes not to destroy but to purify and fulfil their religious need, teaching that "Not a sparrow falleth without the Father's cognizance." As a result of the Christian vision of the universal love of God, they receive new hope and a new life. "This is Life Eternal that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Again, one of the most important elements in Japanese life which serves as a preparation for Christianity is the fact that from ancient times they believed they were the chosen people of the gods. In fact, Hirata Abulane says that Japanese Emperors and people are the children of the gods. On one occasion a class of students, discussing Darwinian evolution as an explanation of man,

said: "Yes, the foreigner may have ascended from monkey like ancestry, but we Japanese came from the gods and are therefore a superior race." Certainly it is a better preparation for Christianity to find in him a divine origin than to find there nothing which resembles the image of God. But it must not be forgotten that one is an ascent to the gods while the other is a descent from that high and lofty position to a life little higher than that of the animal.

As Japanese have been influenced by the Pantheism of Buddhism, the universal law of Confucian scholars, the Christian God and the unity of truth in modern thought, the polytheistic explanation of the gods has given place to something resembling Monotheism to which the Emperors are related by a theory not unlike the theory of the apostolic succession from the first great ancestor, the Sun Goddess.

The idea of becoming gods is another religious point of contact in Japanese popular religious ideas. For example, Ninonuya once said: "We Japanese think that when we die we become gods or Buddhas; but I am sure it is impossible for a man to become a god or a Buddha when he dies if he is not one when living. It is just as impossible for a mackerel to become a dried flounder or for a cedar tree to become a pine when it is cut down as it is for a dead man to become a god or a Buddha if he is not one when he is living."

Here we have a point of contact, a starting point between Japanese popular ideas and Christianity. The fact of the incarnation as revealed in and to Christ means that man is the son of God. Hirato and other Shirto scholars were willing to say that Japanese are the sons of God. If such men were living to-day they would see that all mankind are the children of one common father, God, made in his own image. They could well appreciate the profound philosophy of humanity contained in Christ's words, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." This statement of Christ is much more profound and none the less poetical than Tennyson's statement about the little flower. Every man who catches the spirit of Christ's words will strive to say with him, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

SOME EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

HAS America gone mad over prohibition? The state has curtailed the citizens' sacred privileges. Is the State right in doing so? We must remember that prohibition is only in an advanced experimental stage. Europeans are just beginning to seriously consider it. What has Science to reveal concerning the effects of alcohol on man? We shall limit ourselves in these remarks to results obtained in only one of the many productive fields of scientific endeavor, namely, that of Experimental Biology, in which field, as its name implies, experiments are performed on plants and animals.

Biological workers have performed very extensive researches with alcohol on animals. They have little to say concerning the effects on man, because, naturally, they cannot get human subjects to submit to the stringent rules necessary for giving trustworthy results. The main source for gleaning information concerning this question is from the life-insurance companies. It is a popular belief that life-insurance statistics have proved that "even the most moderate use of alcohol definitely and measurably shortens human life." Several investigators have looked carefully into their data and find it inaccurate. Their records of the temperate and intemperate individuals are very incomplete. Nothing is known as to how much alcohol they drank per day, or how long they were addicted to drinking or what were their general behaviour and habits. Such inexact data are subjected to very exact mathematical tabulation that gives to them a false scientific appearance. In short, we cannot draw very reliable conclusions from the life insurance statistics.

As to the experiments on animals, Pearl has studied the effects of alcohol on the ordinary domestic fowl, and Professor Stockard, of Cornell University, has done similar work on guinea pigs. Their

methods and results are quite similar, so we shall confine ourselves to the experiments on guinea pigs.

Many animals have to be used, for with them, as with man, there is much individual variation. They differ in susceptibilities, response to treatment, etc. Stockard began his experiment in 1910 with forty animals. Some of these were kept as control animals.

For the last few years he has always had on hand at least five hundred animals. Each is numbered and catalogued and its ancestry known for at least three generations. Those chosen for treatment do not drink the alcohol but are made to inhale it by being placed in fume chambers. These chambers are boxes divided by means of a perforated partition into an upper compartment and a lower compartment. The alcohol is placed in the lower part and the guinea pig in the upper part. The treatment prescribed for the males is a two-hour period per day. The females are left in for three hours. They receive the alcohol ration six days per week.

After inhaling the fumes for several hours they go into a blissful drunken stupor. They may lose the power of muscular coordination to such an extent as to be unable to walk. Seven hours in the chamber is a fatal dose. After removal from the chamber they recover in half an hour. Thus they experience daily, a short, acute intoxication. Why does he not have the guinea pigs drink the alcohol? A drink causes their temperature to fall from 1° to 4°. It produces a drunken stupor lasting until all the alcohol has been absorbed from the stomach which requires several hours. This deranges the digestion causing the guinea pig to lose its appetite and grow thin which complicates the results. Hence the inhalation method is the more satisfactory one.

What are the results of such treatment if continued for several months? If the animals are over three months old there are no noticeable effects. Five years is about the average span of life of a guinea pig. Many were treated for five years and several for six years and appeared hale and hearty. Microscopic examinations of their tissues revealed no pathological conditions. Their mortality statistics were as good as those of the treated animals. Thus much indulgence was not injurious.

Is there any effect on their offspring? To answer this question was one of Stockard's aims. We shall attempt to give some of his

findings. The number of young in a litter varies from one to five. The average number in the litters born of normal parents was 2.8 while the average number from alcoholic parents was 2.5. As for the abnormalities in the offspring we find that in the case of the normal control animals there were none; in that of the alcohol-treated animals there were 2½ per cent. By abnormalities are meant those born with gross defects such as deformed limbs, opaque lenses, paralysis and tremors. The average birth weight in the control lines was 77 gms. while in the alcohol lines it was 7 gms. less. The average weights of the individuals of these two classes when they were three month old were 425 and 404 gms. respectively. Of the animals born in litters of one or two from normal parents about 85 per cent. survived, while in the alcohol lines the figure is 81 per cent. Considering those in litters of three 83 per cent. of those from normal parents survived, while the number for those from alcoholic parents was 60 per cent. Of those born in litters of four the corresponding figures are 62.5 per cent. and 48 per cent. Of those in litters of five the disparity between the two classes is still greater. Summing up all the records of the early deaths, we find that for the alcohol lines the mortality was 35.5 per cent., while for the normal lines it was only 22.3 per cent. These figures may appear to you more reliable if you know that they are taken from a table containing the records of eleven hundred and seventy animals. They indicate a serious state of affairs in the alcoholic guinea pig world.

Before going further it might be well to explain what is meant by control animals. These are the normal untreated animals and they are used to check up the results. For example, the offspring of an alcoholic female and a non-alcoholic male may appear defective. Are the defects due to alcohol or would they have appeared anyway if the female had not been alcoholised? To answer these questions the same male is mated with a non-alcoholic female that is a close blood relative (preferably a sister) of the female used before. Their offspring are control animals. They are normal animals and as nearly as possible like the first offspring with the alcohol factor eliminated. All the results are checked up in this way.

We have considered only the first generation from alcoholic parents. Are there any effects on their grandchildren, their great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren, that is, on the second,

third and fourth generations? The early mortality of the first generation was 10 per cent. higher than for the three subsequent generations put together. In the third and fourth generations we find a lower mortality-rate. But (they were still distinctly differentiated from the control animals in regard to weight at birth, number of defective, etc., though three generations away from the alcoholic treatment. As for the few animals of the fourth generation observed, their records were almost as good as those of the controls. No defects due to alcohol have been traced beyond the fifth generation.

The conditions induced by treating only the fathers or only the mothers are not the same. (The first generation of offspring are excluded so that any defects noted are due to their hereditary transmission and not in any case to the direct influence of the alcohol on the developing animals). The treatment of male ancestors gives more marked effects on the descendents than the treatment of the females. One of the chief differences is that in the case of the offspring of treated males, there is an unusually high mortality early in life, whereas when the females are treated the high mortality occurs later in life.

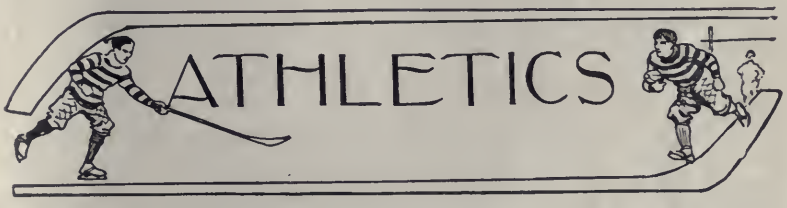
Stockard has one general conclusion that may be interesting. The high mortality of the progeny of alcoholic parents is due to deaths early in life. If they can safely weather the first storms of this world and reach the age of three months they have almost as good a chance of living five or six years as have the offspring of normal parents. Those made defective through the agency of alcohol soon give up the race.

We intimated above that Pearl working with the domestic fowl arrived at similar conclusions. His work, which was very thoroughly done, showed that the treated animals remained as healthy as the untreated animals. Concerning the offspring of such apparently-healthy alcoholic animals he says "that as a class they are indubitably differentiated from those of the non-alcoholic lines." There was a high mortality among the embryonic population. The weaklings were weeded out early in life and the survivors were as healthy and long-lived as the normal animals.

This remarkable agreement between Pearl's and Stockhard's results might make us believe that they are applicable to all animals, including man. We can draw such a conclusion only with quali-

fications. In the first place these animals inhaled the alcohol while man drinks it. As shown above this is an important difference. Moreover "What is food for one may be poison for another". That is, what is true for guinea pigs and fowl may not be true for man. Elderton and Pearson after an extensive study of the children of working men of Manchester and Edinburgh report that "on the whole the balance turns as often in favour of those of alcoholic parentage as of those of non-alcoholic parentage." Their data, however, was far from being complete so their findings must be accepted with much reservation.

What are we to conclude? "Alcoholic guinea pigs whether treated directly or descendent from treated individuals have had their ability to produce healthy offspring decidedly lowered. The effects are transmitted through several generations only to be lessened by the death and sterility of the weakest and the introduction of normal animals." The same conclusions are true for fowl, and they probably indicate the effects of alcohol on the human race.



JUNIOR VIC. 31—JUNIOR MEDS. 6.

The basketball season opened auspiciously for Victoria on Thursday, January 8th, when the Juniors overwhelmed the Junior Meds. in a fairly interesting contest. The Juniors showed an almost impregnable defence, and clever and accurate shooting on the offence. The passwork inclined to be ragged at first, improved as the game went on. Thornton did some remarkably accurate shooting from well out at the side as well as right under, and his work was the outstanding feature of the game. Stewart shot the fouls well, and dropped in four baskets from right under. Mullett, Chant and Brewer played an aggressive, clever game, and stopped the Med. rushes almost before they got started. Mullett was forced to retire on account of injuries at the end of the first half, and was replaced by Waddington, who shot a pretty basket, and played his usual fast, heady game throughout. McAndrew replaced Stewart toward the end, and made his presence felt through shooting the most spectacular

basket of the game, and, a moment later, making a perfect pass to Thornton, on which the latter had an easy shot.

Buckley was the most effective man for the Meds.

The teams:

Junior Vic.—Thornton, r.f.; Stewart, l.f.; Mullet, c.; Chant, l.g.; Brewer, r.g.; Waddington, l.g.; McAndrew, l.f.

Junior Meds.—Cummings, r.f.; Buckley, l.f.; Harris, c.. Code, l.g.; English, r.g.; Cople, r.g.; Henry, r.g.

JUNIOR VIC. 38—ST. MICHAEL'S 22.

The Junior team kept up its good work by defeating St. Michael's in an exhibition game on January 12. The game was marked by clever and accurate shooting on both sides, but the Vic. men were able to break away more frequently. Play in general was fast throughout, but was slowed up at times by close checking. McAndrew played a fine passing game, and scored his baskets from difficult angles. Stewart was able to break away frequently for baskets mainly on account of the good passwork of his team-mates. The center and the defence men checked well, and fed the forwards with accurate passes. Benner and Vahey were easily best for St. Michael's. The half-time score was 26 to 12.

Junior Vic.—McAndrew, r.f.; Stewart, l.f.; Chant, c.; Brewer, r.b.; Bates, l.f.

St Michael's.—Carrol, r.f.; Benner, l.f.; Vahey, c.; Shanahan, r.g.; May, l.g.

SENIOR VIC. 14—ST. MICHAEL'S 7.

The Senior team met and defeated St. Michael's in its first Sifton Cup game, in a game featured by close checking and occasional rough work. Play was slowed up on account of the heavy checking, and both teams found trouble in getting away and locating the basket. St. Michael's scored the first basket, but Raley soon after broke away and put in a pretty, long shot. Bates then broke away in rapid succession and dropped two in from the side of the basket. Hewson scored, followed again by Bates. Meanwhile Benner scored another field basket for St. Mike's, and Carrol and he made one foul shot each, the half ending 10-6. The checking was very close in the second half. McKelvey made one of his peculiar shots and dropped the ball right through the ring from a good distance out. Bates again got under and scored. The best St. Mike's could do was get one foul shot. Bates' accurate shooting and the impregnable defence put up by the guards featured for Vic. St. Mike's showed flashes of good passwork, but could not get near enough to make sure of scoring.

Senior Vic.—Hewson, r.f.; Pearson, l.f.; Bates, c.; McKelvey, r.g.; Raley, l.g.

St. Michael's.—Carrol, r.f.; Benner, l.f.; Vahey, c.; Ford, r.g.; Shanahan, l.g.

SENIOR VIC. 19—SENIOR SCHOOL 14.

On January 20th the Seniors nosed out a victory in their second Sifton Cup game. Close checking kept the game slow for a while at the beginning. School broke the ice by scoring a foul shot. Shortly afterward Bates dropped one through the ring from near center. McKelvey tossed one through the extreme corner of the court, and Bates got under the basket for two more. Just at the end of the half Hewson dropped one in from about fifteen feet out. Meanwhile the best School could do was to get two field baskets, and the half closed 10-5. School came back with a rush in the second half and with four minutes to go tied the score at 14-14. Hewson had twice thrown off his guard to make well-earned baskets. At this juncture Brodie was put off for fouling Raley, and when play was resumed Bates almost instantly took a pass near the basket and scored. A minute later he came down from center, picked a rebound off the backboard, and counted again. He then put in a foul shot, closing the scoring for the game. Vic's defence men turned in their usual good game. Hewson did effective work at forward, as did Pearson and Irwin. Bates, the center man, was easily the star. His cool-headed passwork and his accurate shooting kept Vic. in the running at all times, and his best work was done under fire, when the score was tied near the end of the game. The team is well-balanced, and should go far in the competition for the Cup.

Senior Vic.—Pearson, r.f.; Irwin, r.f.; Hewson, l.f.; Bates, c.; McKelvey, r.g.; Raley, l.g.; Bull, l.g.

Senior School.—McDonald, Brodie, Parker, Shortt, Salisbury.

JUNIOR VIC. 22—SENIOR U.C. 19.

Following the Senior Vic. game the Juniors were given a hard run by Senior U.C. The game opened with a rush, and Stokes soon dropped one though for U.C. Meech soon followed, and Stokes came back with another one. Stewart then dropped in a foul shot for Vic., and Brewer came down the floor and broke through the opposing defence for a pretty basket. Thornton then dropped one through the corner of the court, and a moment later repeated from near center. U.C. came back strong, Stokes counting twice and Meech and Borsook once before the end of the half. Stewart was watched very closely, often by two men, and found it hard to get clear for tries at basket. However, he dropped in three foul shots, and the half ended 15-9 in favor of U.C. Vic. rushed the play in the second half, and soon tied the score. Stewart took a pass near center and tossed it over the head of his guard for a very lucky basket. Waddington came down the floor, threw off two opponents, and counted. Soon afterwards Stewart evaded his check, took a long pass from Chant, and rolled the ball in. Meech came back with a basket for U.C. Stewart then scored two foul shots, and Waddington again threw off his check and scored from right under. Robinson scored for U.C., but

shortly afterwards Stewart took another pass, dodged his check, and counted. He then put in another foul shot, which ended the scoring. Vic's good shooting and the hard work of the defence pulled them through, but the pass work was often off color. Waddington was the star, and his good work, especially in the second half, pulled the game out of the fire. Stewart's foul-shooting helped materially.

Junior Vic.—Thornton, r.f.; Stewart, l.f.; Chant, c.; Waddington, l.g.; Brewer, r.g.

Senior U.C.—Stokes, r.f.; Meech, l.f.; Robinson, c.; Bryce, l.g.; Borsook, r.g.

SENIOR VIC. 25—TRINITY 18.

On Tuesday, January 27, the Senior team played an exhibition game with Trinity. At the beginning play was slowed by hard checking, but Trinity finally secured two baskets in rapid succession. Raley then came back with two, and Pearson and Gordon scored one each. Trinity got three more at intervals, but Raley counted again, and the half ended 10-10. In the second half Trinity opened with a foul shot, but Hewson broke away for two and put in a foul shot. Lowe scored twice for Trinity, but Pearson and Bates put in three clever long shots, and Raley got another. Hewson scored again before the end of the game. The feature of the game was the all-round playing of Raley. Always on the job on the defence, he showed perfect judgment in his passing and in his rushes down the floor, which almost always resulted in baskets. J. Lowe's accurate shooting featured for Trinity. Vic. won on excellent defence work, accurate shooting and the fact that they shaded their opponents a little in passwork.

Vic.—Pearson, r.f.; Hewson, l.f.; Irwin, l.f.; Bates, c.; Raley, r.g.; Gordon, l.g.

Trinity.—J. Lowe, r.f.; Stowe, l.f.; P. Lowe, c.; Martin, r.g.; Deacon, l.g.

JUNIOR VIC. 30—SENIOR DENTS. 19.

The Juniors had anticipated a hard struggle in their January 28th fixture with Sr. Dents, who were considered one of the strongest teams in the Sifton Cup Series. However, perfect team play, a novel system of defence, and the fact that Stewart had his eye on the basket throughout the game, enabled them to win in rather easy fashion. The game opened with a rush and Dents had the scoring 5-2 before the Juniors got their bearings. Their steady work began to tell, however, and the score mounted fast. Stewart dropped four through from all angles and the lightning-fast Waddington three times in all rushed down the court, took a pass, and rolled the sphere through. Dents seemed bewildered, and the best they could do was one more basket, the half ending 18-7, as Stewart dropped through four foul shots. A fast pace was set in the second half. At the very start Stewart broke away from his check under the basket

and scored, and shortly afterwards tossed the ball over his head for another. Countryman and Windrim came back for Dents, and Windrim's accuracy in shooting fouls began to run up the score. However, Stewart took a long pass from Brewer and scored from the extreme corner of the court. A moment later he shot over half the length of the court and counted again. Windrim and Countryman tried hard, but the best they could do was one more basket apiece, and near the end of the game Stewart again broke loose from his check and got under for an easy basket. While Stewart did some rather remarkable shooting, fully half the credit belongs to McAndrew, whose smooth ball-handling and perfect passing time and time again put his team-mate in position to score. Waddington again demonstrated that he is one of the fastest men ever seen in a Vic jersey, and was watched by two men all the second half. Chant and Brewer showed good judgment in passing, and kept their checks in hand at all times. The team as a whole worked together better than ever before, and with careful practice should round into championship form.

Junior Vic.—Thornton, r.f.; McAndrew, r.f.; Stewart, l.f.; Chant, c.; Brewer, r.g.; Waddington, l.g.

Senior Dents.—Harris, r.f.; Windrim, l.f.; Countryman, c.; Boyle, r.g.; Model, l.g.

HOCKEY.

Vic—Vets. On Saturday, January 17th, Victoria played their first scheduled hockey game against Vets and came away on the long end of a 7-0 score. Although Vets were easily outclassed, the game was by no means slow and towards the end numerous penalties were handed out The entire Vic. team played good hockey and showed the result of their practising, by some pretty combination work. The Vic line-up:

Goal, Bartlett; defence, Weston, Gordon; forwards, Brown, Cheney, Banbury, Magwood, Hollinrake.

Jr. U.C.—Vic. On the 25th, these two teams came together in a Jennings Cup game, with the result that our team came out victorious by 5-1. Vic. again showed what a speedy outfit they are and proved that individual rushes such as U.C. indulged in, are for the most part ineffective against a team playing the combination game.

Vic. line-up: Goal, Bartlett; defence, Weston, Gordon, Cooley; forwards, Brown, Cheney, Banbury, Magwood, Hukins.

Vic—Forestry. Friday, the 30th, saw Vic. defeat Forestry 8-4, in a game that was by no means of the spectacular type. However, by disposing of Forestry, Vic. has only one team to beat, Jr. Dents, and when the two teams come together on February 3rd, a lively encounter should result.

Vic. team: Goal, Bartlett; defence, Weston, Cooley; forwards, Brown; Cheney, Magwood, Hollinrake.

VICTORIA COLLEGE LADIES' BASKETBALL TEAM.

Back Row—Helen Irwin (spare), Frances Richardson (spare), Winnifred Snider (spare), Helen Marshall (forward), Vera Hogarth (defence).

Front Row—Mary Marshall (Business Mgr.), Frances Snider (Centre), Jean Edgington (Captain, Forward), Cora Kilborn (Centre), Gertrude Wallace (defence).

Vic. has played three exhibition games, defeating McMaster 7-5, Jr. Meds 5-3 and 7-5.

Vic. certainly has a record to be proud of so far both in basketball and hockey, as none of the teams have lost either a scheduled or an exhibition game.

Three games of Inter-House Hockey have been played, North and South Houses playing a tie 4-4, Middle defeating Gate 5-1 and North 8-0.

In the only inter-year game to date, the Freshmen defeated their old rivals, the Sophomores, 11-0. Well done, Frosh!

INDOOR BASEBALL.

Wycliffe-Victoria. On January 19th, our indoor ball team were defeated by Wycliffe by 14-8. It was a heavyhitting contest, and was practically won in the fourth inning, when Wyycliffe secured six runs. However, our team lacked several of their regulars, and should defeat the Anglicans in the next game.

Vic. team: Duggan, Graydon, Mutart, Sayles, Smith, Reinke, Binkley.

We are glad to notice that Mason, of 2T2, is on the Varsity wrestling team, and from present indications "Short" should have things pretty much his own way in the 105 class.

GIRLS' HOCKEY.

The Hockey League for the season was opened on Wednesday, January 28, with a lively game between Vic. and St. Hilda's. Vic. exhibited some brilliant skating and by half time was "well away" with a score of 6-0. St. Hilda's failed to score a goal during the second half although they made a few good rushes and the final score was 13-0 with Vic. on top. Both teams were well supported by their schools and this is the spirit that helps along a team. The line-up for Vic. was as follows:

G. Wallis, J. Edgington, C. Kilborn, M. Everson, R. Babcock, N. Yeomans. Referee, Harold Brown.

The second game of the series was played on Saturday, January 31st, against U. C. at Varsity Stadium. This was a more evenly contested battle and proved rather more exciting. At half time the score was 2-0 in favor of U. C. but Vic. soon scored two goals, leaving the result a tie, 2-2. Considering the fact that the thermometer registered 18 degrees below that day, quite a number of enthusiastic supporters watched the game.

Personals and Exchanges

MARRIAGES.

CATO-MYERS.—On January 21, at the home of the bride's parents, Marjory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Myers, St. Mary's, to Mr. Roland Cato, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Langford. Miss Agnes Jenner, '20, was the bridesmaid. After a trip to Toronto and Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Cato returned to reside in Detroit, Mich.

Atkinson-Trumpour. — On Friday, Jan. 30, 1920, at the manse of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church, by Dr. Pidgeon, Edith Trumpour, B. A. (University of Saskatchewan), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Trumpour, Alameda, Sask., to W. A. Wilkinson, B.A., ('15 Vic.), son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilkinson, of Courtland, Ont.

From the "Christian Guardian" we clip the following: "Rev. D. R. Patterson is making a large contribution to the life and spirit of Regina College as religious education director. Much interest has been aroused in Bible study and Sunday School methods." Mr. Patterson is a Vic graduate, and was sent by his college to the Des Moines Convention, adding one more to Vic's large representation there.

PERSONALS..

Mr. J. Vernon McKenzie, '07, late associate editor of McLean's Magazine, has been appointed Canadian Trade Commissioner at Glasgow, Scotland.

Rev. Geo. H. Purchase, '11, of Crawford St. Methodist Church, Toronto, is now Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Canada, A.F. & A.M.

Dr. Bell and Dr. DeWitt read papers at the fiftieth anniversary of the American Philological Association held in Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 29-31.

Prof. DeWitt has been invited to deliver a special series of lectures next April to the Classical Seminar in the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Dr. G. H. Locke, Chief Librarian, City of Toronto, and a member of the Advisory Board of Acta, has been forced, through ill health, to take a temporary rest from his duties, and has left for a sojourn in Birmingham, Ala. We trust he will return with renewed strength to continue his work.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that the salaries of professors in Oberlin College, Ohio, have been permanently increased by 50 per cent., the increase being retroactive for one year. Prof. D. R. Moore, B.A., '02, Ph.D.(Chicago),is Professor of History in Oberlin.

Victoria has sent many recent graduates into the journalistic field..

Mr. A. R. Ford, '03, is the Ottawa correspondent of several Canadian dailies as well as of a London, Eng., paper. Mr. W. G. Cates, '03, and Mr. E. W. Grange, '99, are also engaged in journalistic work at the capital. These men were all connected with the staff of Acta while at College.

Miss Dorothy Thompson, '19, who recently completed a librarian's course, has now taken a position as assistant to Dr. Carson at the Parliament Buildings.

Miss R.F. Bentham, '22, is teaching school at Box Grove, near Markham, Ont.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges from other colleges, and have placed them in the reading room of the College Library: The Ubyssey (Univ. of B. C.), The Gateway (Univ. of Alta.), The Chinook (Mt. Royal College), The University of Toronto Monthly, McMaster Monthly, The Wycliffe Magazine, The Rebel, The Trinity University Review, The College Times (Upper Canada), and the Oxford Magazine. All of these publications are very creditable indeed, and display a considerable variety of literary talent.

The Concert of the Choral and the Glee Clubs.

The time has come when the fact that the Glee Club is a College organization, is a hindrance rather than a help. No longer need we say, "O, it's ours, you know!" or "O, yes, they do very well considering," but simply this, giving it that Yankee intonation, "I'll say, they're good."

The tone of each section was a single tone, true, pure and fully rounded. In quality it was thoroughly musical and as a result it captivated the audience. The different sections were in proper balance, built up on the foundation of the second basses and together the different registers blended beautifully because the tonal quality of each was identical. It was this sheer beauty of tone which made "Drink to me only" a perfect example of part singing. In addition to such fundamental things as precision of attack and release, tempo and modulation which were shown to advantage in "You stole my love" and that more stirring piece, "Boys of the Old Brigade," they also exhibited a remarkable clarity of vocalization and enunciation, coupled with a fine dramatic appreciation of the pieces themselves.

This was abundantly evident in "Little Tommy," "The Song of the Pedlar" and their numerous encores.

The Ladies' Choral Club, though suffering from poverty of numbers which resulted in individual voices coming into prominence at times, were heard with marked approval in their special numbers, especially the lullaby part of "Kentucky Babe," indeed their bass section rivalled the men's in the affections of the audience.

But it was in the mixed chorus that they were shown to be invaluable. The three choruses were apparently arranged to produce a climatic effect, for the final one, Dudley Buck's "Hymn to Music," deserved to be heard by a crowded Massey Hall. The eight sections

were built upon a pyramid with the 1st sopranos literally, as well as figuratively, on top. In the recitative and fugal work each section in turn rose to its occasion, while in the choral work of the ensemble the problem of the One and the Many was effectively solved for the musical aesthete.

The assisting artists were all that could be desired—Miss Wharton excelled in the portrayal of children and 'teeners, while .Mr. Quintele exploited the harp's possibilites to our great enjoyment.

Advertise the Club on its merits.

We are sorry to learn that Reginald Trask, '23, has had to withdraw to his home, Alma, Ont., because of ill-health. To him, and to many others, who are at present suffering from influenza, we wish an early return to health.

THE WOMEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB.

To have been able to act the stern and impartial critic of the "Three Small Plays" presented on January 24th by the Victoria College Women's Dramatic Club, is a matter of excusable pride to me. For, as I sat back in the luxury of a Hart House theatre chair, and and rested my ageing limbs, I felt I ought to be forgiven a sort of paternal pride in the well-deserved success of the performance. I was a dramatic ancestor of all I surveyed.

Let me reconstruct the family tree, very briefly. There was the dear old Mid-Victorian Modern Language Club. Its charter members were worthies, every one. I was a charter member. It did excellently, but very amateurishly. It was co-educational, but shy.

The Player's Club is a nephew. The Women's Dramatic Club is a granddaughter. Can you wonder, then, that I was proud, and had to admonish myself severely in order to subdue by grandpaternal instincts sufficiently.

The plays were well presented. Of course, one expects that now from the Club. In "Paddly Pools" a distinct triumph for everyone of the players was achieved in the creation of that wonderful but extremely difficult atmosphere of the play, an atmosphere which is made to hover over the land of childhood, and yet is charged with the mystic wisdom of a more profound Adulthood than the world has yet attained. "Maurice's Own Idea" was in this respect less exacting, perhaps. "Something we might plain" as a Scot would say, of too great similarity in technique and texture between the first two plays, but the second play was so well done that one forgot to complain of this. Full advantage was taken of the increased opportunity for individual acting. The feminine and the fairy characters were all delightful. Maurice was the best little imitation boy I have ever seen on the stage. I swear that Master Maurice is masquerading when in feminine garb. And here may I be inconsistent enough to point out that this play affords one of the few instances where male roles may be without trepidation taken by women? The four male parts were successful, two of them because

they were boys, the other two because they were frankly merely exaggerated types. In interpretation of strongly defined masculine character a feminine actor is seriously handicapped.

Once more I must crave permission to be inconsistent with my last statement, for the King in the "Tents of the Arabs" was magnificent. But then the King was Elizabeth Sterling! The supporting cast was splendidly balanced. The love scene, though the very last bit was perhaps rather statuesque, gave two very talented young ladies a rare opportunity, and they played up to it most effectively. We, blasé as we are, were thrilled, actually thrilled! In fact, we were just a bit jealous of the King.

FROM ACTA OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

Cobourg, February, 1880.

The Senior Class have decided to request the photo of H.R.H. Prince of Wales for the centre of their group. There is no doubt but that if he could see the noble galaxy of beauty by which he will be surrounded, he would feel highly flattered.

As an example of youthful precocity we submit the following dialogue between a Freshman and his professor.

Fresh.—"Please, sir, did I pass in ——?"

Prof.—"Well, no, I'm sorry to say you didn't come quite up to the mark.'

Fresh.—"Thank you, sir," (and starts out smiling all over as if highly delighted).

Prof.—"Excuse me, Mr. —, I'm afraid you misunderstood me. I said you hadn't passed."

Fresh.—"Oh! I don't care anything about that. I won my bet all the same."

Trinity College, Toronto, has started a quarterly with the title "Rouge et Noir."

Rev. Albert Carman, '55, B.A., M.A., D.D., is bishop of the M. E. Church of Canada. He is in labours more abundant, and has acquired quite a reputation as the "church-building bishop." Lately he preached an excellent serman in the M. E. church in town, which was spoken of very highly by the students and others.

Some think the institootion should engage a tootor for the special benefit of noo stoodents and others, who will persist in pronouncing constitootion as though it were spelled constitution.

VIC.—U. C. DEBATE.

Vic. defeated U. C. in the Intercollegiate debate held Tuesday, February 3rd, in the Household Science building. The debaters for Vic. were Miss Essa Dafoe, '21, and Miss Marion Powers, '21. Miss McDonald, '22, and Miss Logie, '21, debated for U. C. The subject was "Resolved that Guild Socialism would solve the difficulty between Capital and Labor." Vic. supported the negative. Miss McDonald spoke of the evils of the Wage

System, and outlined the principles of the Guild System. The Guild System would, according to Miss McDonald, mean the organization of all labor by industries. These would be nationalized, would support reserve labor, and be conducted by a National Guild Congress. By this profit-sharing system, the laborer would receive a fair return for his labor.

The negative maintained that the Wage System under these conditions would still exist. The Guild System would destroy the impetus to private capital. Monopoly of control would still exist, but would rest, not with Capital, which has most at stake, but with Labour, which is least interested. The Guild System would not remove the spirit of self-interest which is at the bottom of the difficulty between Capital and Labor, and which must exist while human nature is what it is. Both our speakers did admirably, and deserve credit for the way in which they met the lively opposition put up by U. C. The judges were Dean Duckworth, of Trinity; Mr. Grant Brown, of U. C., and Dr. Brown, of Victoria.

ECHOES OF THE FROSH SKATING PARTY.

A BALLAD OF THE T.S.R.

(With apologies to Pope).

What hearty laughs a freshman party brings,
What joy, what jubilation from it springs,
I sing. This story strange, is true;
Where Bloor Street meets the road called "Avenue".
A youth, the gallant escort of a "Rose",
Did wait a car, but everybody knows
The T.S.R. is slow. He did suggest
They walk a piece. She thought it best.
Know, further yet they walked and as they fared,
Two cars passed on, unnoticed and uncared.
" 'Tis strange," he said, "no vehicles come by."
"Two have already gone," was her reply.
His failure her to charm his soul it vext;
And here my tale doth end. They took the next.

Someone. — When your lady comes down, bring her in here.

Delahey—It isn't a lady, it's only my cousin.

. . . . . .

Waddington (going out for his lady).—It's just one good thing after another.

An incident narrated by Dr. Armstrong at the missionary meetings is worth repeating. A Japanese student wrote of volcanoes: "People who live in volcanoes should betoke themselves to semigrations for they are reliable to rupture themselves or blow their heads off."

They were talking of betting $100.

Hukins, '21.—If I had $100 I would take a girl to the York to-night!

S. J. Allin, '22.—Gee! I had some time to-night! But it's beastly cold. I'm nearly frozen.

Souse-houser.—May I ask what Drew you out this kind of a night.

Exit Allin.

Prof. Lane, (lecturing on ethics). —A man was struck on the back of the head, and suffered a lesion of the brain. He lost his memory and became a child again.

Miss Bush, '21, (very earnestly). —Would it be possible, professor, for one to renew his youth by being hit on the head?

Sophette (commenting on the U. L.S. Cabinet picture).—Doesn't Mr. Caven look as if he were about to say: "Oh, bless you, my children."

Prof. Auger.—Lyrics include love songs.

Voice at the back of room.—Now we're coming to something we understand.

Dr. Edgar (during lecture on "Twelfth Night").— This humour reminds me of an incident which occurred last week: Two extremely young Canadian citizens were engaged in the somewhat precarious pastime of trying to kill themselves by touching passing motor cars. I stopped and lectured them on the probable results of such actions and ended by the terrible (as I thought) threat of having them arrested. This was greeted with peals of laughter, and one urchin rudely replied, "Aw, gwan an' cut your whiskers."

Taylor, '22, (speaking of women's dress).—Yes, the girls are certainly good on that line.

I. Harries, '22, (who had just entered the room).—What line?

Taylor.—The clothes line.

Prof. Ford (vainly trying to recollect student's name).—Let me see, how do you spell your name?

Amazed student.—J-o-n-e-s, sir!

Hungry Stude. (wanting to know the time).—Have you a turnip in your pocket, Fred?

Baine, '21.—No, but I have some "carats" in my tie pin.

H. S.—Yes, and a cabbage on your neck.

S. Johnston, '21, (after leap year skating party).—I've had a great time! Wonder how I can retaliate on the girls who skated with me?

M. Wright, '20, became greatly interested in two little girls playing dollies. Going over to them, he tried to start a conversation, but one of them resenting his advances, said: "Gee! You must be hard up for a girl."

Lawson (after completing a baker's dozen pages and affixing the kisstomary tokens).—I am disgusted with this absence stuff! The personal touch for mine.

We wonder what Harold meant.

Endicott, '23.—You said in the play last night that there was no kiss like the kiss of spring.

The Spirit of the Trees (Miss Bateman, '23)—Yes.

Endicott.—Are you willing to experiment?

Pol. Econ. Prof. (speaking of diminishing utility).—The tenth pound of butter will be of more value in her eyes than the eleventh.

Prof. Edgar (In First Year English Class).—It is not until you arrive at Burns that you encounter that intense passion for the beauties of nature.

Burns, '23.—Here! Here!

DRAMA.

Kn-x.—"Florence, I swear by all I ever swore that from this hour I shall not love thee more."

(She).—"Love me no more? Oh why this uttered vow?"

K—.—Well, Gosh! I cannot love you more than now!

Booth, '23.—We should arrange a night so all the ladies won't be on the rink one night, and the men on another night.

Waddington, '23.—Doesn't matter to Booth, for he says where she is there shall he be also.

WE WANT TO KNOW

Who put Irwin's biography in January Locals?

Who twisted the joke on Dr. Bell's "nec."?

Who's going to be plucked in May?

Who feels most nervous at a leap year party?

What fiend invented essays?

Who uses the Annesley phone every night for one hour from 7 to 8?

Why Benson looks over the top of his lexicon in the library?

Why Prof. Hooke wasn't arrested as a Bolshevik in Chicago?

Who got a book from the library the night he wanted it?

Where Pearson got those gloves?

Why Locals are so hard to get?

Why "Varsity" reached Vic. before four o'clock on Monday?

Who had a grudge against H.A. S. last month?

Evidently someone who always smokes O. P. tobacco.

M.N.T.S.F.C.W. (at house party) —Who's that?

C. T.—Fred K——.

Deaconess.—Oh, isn't he the cutest thing you ever saw? Why, I just want to hug him!

(Freddie, beware of the corner corner of St. Clair & Avenue Road —It's leap year.

G. Graydon, '21.—I see Varsity advises all to refrain from kissing to avoid spreading the flu.

F. Murgatroyyd, '21.—Hang the flu anyway! I move we postpone that toboggan party till it has passed.

Stewart, 2T2.—Is it proper to look at your watch in company?

Unger, '21.—I don't know; it is always too dark to see my watch.

Menzies, 2T2—Well, I dont' know much about this girl, but I see she doesn't live in Annesley Hall, so she can't be so bad.

We don't know who will join this new fusser's club, but we're sure Harvey Hazelwood.

A. J. Armstrong, '23.—Dr. Armstrong told of a missionary who, wanting to get off at a certain station, said in Japanese: "Kill me at ——— station."

C. W. Cline, '22.—If he had been on the Cannibal islands he would likely have got in wrong.

M. Wright, '20.—Too bad, P.H., that you can't go to see her this term.

Lawson.—Oh, there's such a thing as the mountain coming to Mohamed.

Burr-washer (at breakfast).— I know now how the term "ham and eggs" originated.

2nd ditto.—Please tell.

1ts ditto.—You've heard of Ham, haven't you? These eggs were associated with him.

Please Mrs. Drake, no more eggs till spring.

Miss Edington, '20 (after 6 to 7 hockey practice, and pointing to black scarf).—I'm in mourning.

Another Hockeyite.—What for?

Miss Edgington.— My late dinner.

Fallis (at leap year skating party).—You will find more chairs in the other room.

Miss Baird, '23.—I'm not looking for a chair. I want a MAN!

A letter has been received addressed, Mr. B. L. Z. Bubb, North House, Burwash.

Evidently some North House denizen is "a devil in his own home town."

Annis (at missionary com.)—We should have a solo and a musical selection.

Colley '22, (talking of Eng. essays).—One girl got 75.

Maines, '22.—That's nothing! I got that myself.

Colley.—Oh! But this was only a girl!

Hall, '21, (after a night out).—

Oh, my arms are tired and stiff! Edward!—!

Congdon, '21, (looking at music on piano, comes on "Memories of Love.").—Ah! That's all that's left to us, now.

Extract from third year ethics notes.—Being unable to solve problems the lower preachers do not will, and so differ from humans. Poor creatures!

Reports from the Glee Club tour indicate the men are good singers but bad actors.

Miss Harris.—You should have been in my room to-day. Dash, my radiator was hot.

Miss Standon.—You should not say "dash," that might mean anything. It would be much nicer to say "darn."

Miss Harris.—You know, I can't sleep at night for my room-mate's snoring. I often have to put my fingers in my ears.

Miss Lawson.—Why not try batting?

Miss Harris.—Well, I did one night; I actually fired my slippers at her.

Miss Dewey (at restaurant). — Well, I want beefsteak and onions.

Miss McGregor.—Oh, no don't. that will be awful for your breath.

Miss Dewey.—Never mind, when the bill comes it will take my breath away; so don't worry.

Miss Marshall (singing).—Come unto me, Come unto me.

Mr. Graydon—How does that go, now Miss Marshall.

Miss Marshall.—It says, "unaccompanied."

Miss Green.—I'm going to have my head read.

Miss Rossiter.—You don't need to, Marion, it's red already.

Miss Gilley.—How long do you suppose a goose could stand on one leg?

Miss Rossiter.—Try it and see.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS.

Miss Cox.—Eh, uh-huh.

Miss Greene.—Funny old thing!

Miss Rossiter—I'm not that kind of a girl.

Miss Keenlyside—My deah! He's simply wonderful.

Miss Taylor.—(Last week's jokes at Shea's).

Miss Dewey.—Who's your feller now?

Miss Cameron.—(Giving you a poke in the ribs)—Did you get that?

Prof. Langford (to young lady selling Acta Memorial).—May I have my Acta, please?

Miss Allen.—Why, certainly, if you'll tell me your name.

Miss Ryan (in the library).—What are you laughing at, Muriel?

Miss Everson.—Oh, I just found something funny in Locals.

Miss F. Daly.—Do you mean to tell me that those two people down there talking so vociferously are brother and sister?

Miss Metzler.—Why, certainly not; that's Irene Balfour and Prof. Robins.

Exam. Question.—Give examples of two chemical apparatuses.

Shaver's '23, answer.—Test tube and filter paper.

Miss Davis.—Haven't you anything for Locals, Helen? Surely you've said something funny this last month.

Miss Goodman.—Oh, yes, lots, but none of it is fit to go into Acta.

Miss Williams, 2T1.—Oh, Hannah, there are the loveliest kid slippers at Blachfords.

Miss Golding.—Oh, but they've got flat heels.

Miss Williams. — No, indeed, they've got French heels.

Miss Golding.—Why do you call them kid slippers, then?

Miss Keenleyside (Thursday night).—Well, I'm not going to any more dances this week.

Miss Golding.—Did Miss Addison say that?

Miss Keenleyside.—No, I resolved that all by myself.

Miss Gilley.—Well, that's the silliest thing I've ever heard.

Miss Golding.—Pretty good for Jean Keenleyside!

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